

A great stream of stragglers is constantly coming in.

28th, on the road near Schluchterne:

(To the Polish officers.) Is it true that the Poles want **to** leave me ?

I went too far. I have made mistakes. Fortune has turned her back on me these last two years; but she's a woman, and will change. Who can tell ? Perhaps it is your evil star has drawn mine on ? In any case have you **lost** confidence in me ? Is there no . . . left in my . . . ? Do I look thinner ?

I only hope the Allies will burn down two or three of my **good** cities of France; it would give me a million of soldiers. I would offer them battle, I would beat them, and *I* would drive them at tap of drum all the way back to the Vistula.

I have been informed as to what you want. As Emperor, as general, I have nothing but gratitude for all you have done; I have nothing to reproach you with, you have acted loyally towards me; you have not been willing to abandon me without notice, and you have even undertaken to reconduct me to the Rhine. To-day, I want to give you good advice. If you abandon me I shall no longer have the right of speaking for you; and I imagine that in spite of our disasters I am still the most powerful monarch of Europe.

31st, Frankfort:

I have just reached Frankfort. The Bavarian army, together with the Austrian army that was opposed to it, with a total of 60,000 men, had taken position at Hanau so as to cut me off from France. I defeated them yesterday at sight, capturing guns, flags, and 6000 prisoners.